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NOTES OF THE WEEK

AS we go to press Mr. Baldwin's appointments to his Cabinet have not been announced, but certain appointments have become known. The absence of Sir Robert Horne's name is unfortunate but unavoidable. An attempt is being made in quarters hostile to the Prime Minister to blame him for Sir Robert's exclusion. But the fact is that Sir Robert was offered the Ministry of Labour and found himself unable to accept it owing to business preoccupations—a circumstance for which it is hardly just to blame Mr. Baldwin. We should have preferred to see Sir Robert at the Exchequer and Mr. Churchill at the Ministry of Labour, where a firm hand will almost certainly be needed during the next six months. As it is, the new Minister of Labour, Sir Arthur Steel Maitland, has yet to make his reputation.

THE DOMINIONS

Mr. Amery's appointment to the Colonial Office promises well for the future of inter-Imperial relations. But surely it is time that the out-dated and insufficient title of this immensely important office was altered. We should like to see the

Colonial Secretary referred to in future as His Majesty's Secretary of State for Imperial Affairs. More detailed comment on the composition of the Cabinet must be deferred until next week, when the full list will be in the public possession.

NOT A ROUT

Since the election the Press has been talking extravagantly about the Socialist defeat. Even *The Times* has referred to the "rout" of Labour. This talk is both foolish and ill-advised. It is the Liberal Party which was routed, and although a vote against the Liberals may in some sense be interpreted as an indirect vote against Socialism, it is well to remember that the Socialists lost on balance only fifty seats and polled a million more votes than at the last election. To speak jauntily about the rout of Labour is therefore to fall into just that trap of complacency which is the chief danger of a party with a large majority.

SOCIALIST REPRISALS?

"Labour" no longer controls the political situation, but it is, if anything, more than ever in control of the industrial situation. A high proportion of Ministers yield up their portfolios only to take charge once more of the interests of unions. Most of them, we are willing to believe, desire industrial peace, but they have to reckon with fol-

Everything's right—
if it's a

Remington
TYPEWRITER

First in 1873—
First to-day!

lowers who are smarting under defeat, and who cherish the idea that workers can have justice only when Socialists are in office. They have to reckon, also, with those who on principle despise political action, who invite the workers to consider whither political activity has in fact led, and who will now press vigorously for "direct action." The prospect, to be plain, is one of strikes initiated with but little regard to the merits of the particular case, and justified as part of the necessary war against capitalism.

CONSERVATISM AND THE WORKERS

To this menace there can only be one Conservative reply. It must once for all be shown the worker that the fall from office of his professed representatives does not mean that his interests will be neglected. The theory that class Governments are the condition of justice to the classes represented by them is utterly repugnant to every Conservative, and it must at once be proved to the workers that a national Government can do more to satisfy their legitimate demands than any avowedly Labour Government could. But generous justice to the worker is one thing, pandering to the trade unions is quite another; and we earnestly hope Conservatives will lose no time in addressing themselves to a consideration of the working of trade union Acts. When, eighteen years ago, Liberalism made its cowardly surrender over that Act, one of the most respected Labour leaders of the time frankly said what Mr. Barnes the other day repeated—that unions should be liable for torts.

THE STATE AND COMMUNISM

No taint of class legislation will smirch the Government if it deals promptly and firmly with Communist subversion. The country has given it an emphatic mandate so to act. Sunday Schools in which the tenets of Communism are taught should be closed, and strict guard kept on Communist journals to see that they do not go beyond the limits of the law, and in every case where this happens immediate suppression should follow. The Alien Laws must be enforced with greater stringency, and if necessary strengthened by additional legislation. Foreign Communists must no longer be allowed to look upon this country as an asylum. The Zinovieff letter would never have been written but for the leniency shown by the Socialist Government to the Communists and the Bolsheviks. Some of the moderates wished to free themselves from alliances which they knew would, in the end, bring them down, but owing to their foreign entanglements they were unable to take any action. What the Conservative Government has to do is to remove the cancer of Communism—not by medical but by surgical treatment.

MR. THOMAS'S APOLOGIA

Mr. J. H. Thomas's speech at the Cutlers' Feast in Sheffield last Tuesday dealt with two of the most important problems that must be solved before we can hope to see unrest disappear from the ranks of organized labour and that section of the community which acts in conjunction with the Trade Union movement. We refer to the pressing need of a better understanding between employers and

employed, and to what Mr. Thomas himself described as that "damnable" talk of class warfare, which is better described as class hatred. He knows, as we all know, that it is the object of the Communists and their allies the extremists of the Socialist Party to stir up strife between employers and employed for the express purpose of bringing about an industrial revolution. He also knows that class hatred is a prominent item in the programme of the revolutionary organizations, and that it is aided and abetted by no inconsiderable number of Socialists.

IN 1929

Extraordinary as it may sound to the thoughtless, the most important thing that the Conservatives have to decide is the character of the Government that will succeed them five years hence. Its composition admits of no doubt. It will be made up of what to-day is a Party of Socialists tempered by arrivists who caught the wrong train, and coerced by rank Communists. Whether it shall or shall not have shed its worst elements depends on Conservatives. A narrow and timid policy, whatever its immediate good results, must have terrible ultimate consequences; a generous and fearless policy, eagerly considerate of the workers but ruthless in dealing with the intolerable pretensions of "Labour," will find its highest reward in the character of the gradually purified Opposition which must eventually take office.

THE LAST HOPE OF LIBERALISM

Liberals, well nigh exterminated at the polls, are tempted to imagine that Proportional Representation would restore the fortunes of their Party. They deceive themselves. The votes given to Liberal candidates were not as a rule expressions of faith in the future of Liberalism: they were, so to speak, votes for Mr. Gladstone, for C.-B., or for the venerable late Victorian statesman so lamentably defeated at Paisley, when they were not merely anti-Socialist. Proportional Representation might just conceivably help Liberalism to the unhappy position of men who have office without power, but it would result in injury to the nation by confining to a helpless sect intellectuals like Mr. Asquith's, Sir Alfred Mond's, and Sir John Simon's, of which the State has need. We invite Liberal enthusiasts for Proportional Representation to ponder the Oxford University result, satisfactory as it is to Unionists, and to be warned.

THE ZINOVIEFF LETTER

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has not even the *esprit d'escañer*. With his foot for the last time on the lowest step at the exit from No. 10, he can only say that he and his friends are unable to arrive at any positive conclusions about the letter which drew from him a quite Curzonian protest against Russian intrigue in this country. The investigating body he established being one deeply concerned to discover reasons for regarding the letter as false, we may take it this means that nearly all the evidence available told in favour of the authenticity of the letter. But Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has no right to leave the origin of the letter an open question and to impose on his successor at the Foreign Office the duty of confirming his protest or of withdrawing it. It was incumbent on him to come to a definite decision,

AMERICA FOLLOWS SUIT

No one who knows the United States would seriously suggest that the course of the Presidential Election there was influenced by efforts here last week. The same forces, however, were at work. In both countries the fear of Bolshevism was sufficient to ensure a tremendous victory for the Conservative elements in the country. Mr. Coolidge enters on his second period of office as President of the United States with an overwhelming majority and with the record of having taken less part in the fight than any candidate for many years. This is an excellent achievement for the head of any State, since it leaves less opening for personal recriminations. The surprise of the elections has been the failure of Senator La Follette, who has received little support outside his own state of Wisconsin. It would be a mistake, however, to think that his political career was necessarily ended. Nations dislike novelties, but next time the Progressive Party, if it survives, will no longer be a novelty.

A SPANISH REVOLUTION?

The picture of a Spanish novelist, in blue silk pyjamas, describing to a journalist in Paris his coming campaign against his King and speaking possessively of "my revolution" is delicious. D'Annunzio himself could not have improved upon it. Unfortunately there is a danger that the comedy may turn to tragedy at any moment. In Spain itself, two generals, one of whom was until recently High Commissioner in Morocco, have been confined in fortresses for speaking against the Directory, while the Madrid correspondent of *The Times* was summoned to give evidence before a Military Court which was endeavouring to trace a Press rumour regarding the abdication of King Alfonso. These signs are somewhat ominous. The strict censorship makes prediction impossible, but it is clear that the race between General Primo de Rivera in Morocco and the discontented elements at home is nearing its end.

FRANCE'S EXTERNAL RELATIONSHIPS

Under M. Herriot France has abandoned the policy of isolation which under his predecessor had influenced not only her political but also her commercial arrangements with other nations. On the political side she has now recognized *de jure* the Soviet Government. So far this is a mere formality, as the all-important question of debts is reserved for special discussion. After Mr. MacDonald's experience, M. Herriot is likely to proceed cautiously in this matter. Commercially she has taken two important steps. In the first place she has concluded a *modus vivendi* with Belgium. The second point of interest is the resumption this week of the Franco-German trade negotiations. Considerable concessions with regard to individual commodities are attributed to the French, who appear still to have in mind such combinations as that recently rumoured between the steel industries of Alsace-Lorraine and the Ruhr.

AN EXTRAORDINARY DECREE

We find it difficult to believe that the French Government really intends to enforce the amazing decree recently published in Paris, according to which all foreigners remaining more than fifteen days in France must procure from the Police a

carte d'identité, at the same time providing four photographs (without hat!) and all sorts of personal information. It was commonly supposed that the new decree would not apply to tourists until the Minister of the Interior solemnly announced that even tourists were not exempt. Of late years France has obtained from the presence of visitors an increasingly large item on the credit side of her balance of international payments, and it is inconceivable that she should desire to kill a flourishing hotel industry. Yet no one who has experienced the joys of obtaining a *permis de séjour* from Continental police will doubt that this would be the result. We feel sure that some explanation will be forthcoming.

FACTION FIGHTS WITH FASCISTI

It is extremely regrettable that the Fascisti should have once more interfered with individual liberty in Italy. The celebrations of the Italian victory of 1918 was unfortunately marred both in Milan and in Rome by serious attacks on the part of the Fascisti against ex-service processions. In Rome the organization attacked was led by General Beppino Garibaldi and included a body of Red Shirts who had served under his father, the Liberator of Italy. We do not for a moment believe that public opinion in Italy views such proceedings otherwise than with disgust, but the mere fact of their occurrence will shake the confidence of the world in Signor Mussolini's ability to control his followers unless punishment is promptly imposed on the offenders. The Volunteer Organizations have recently taken an oath of loyalty to the King, but such an oath is of little value unless sufficient discipline is maintained to prevent these party outbursts.

THE FRIEDRICHSHAFEN WORKS

Now that ZR3 is safely across the Atlantic the Zeppelin works at Friedrichshafen are due to be dismantled. There is, however, a considerable agitation not merely in Germany (which would be natural) but also in Great Britain and America, against this threatened destruction. Six years after the war we are able to view questions of this kind with a more open mind, and it certainly seems unreasonable to sacrifice plant and plans of eminent potential scientific value because they happen to belong to a country which was defeated in the war. It seems likely that the airship will have a great commercial future, and it is surely ill-judged to destroy one of its chief chances of success. We hope the Friedrichshafen works may be spared.

CHINA

Events continue to move rapidly in China. General Wu-Pei-fu has fled to Taku, the port of Tientsin, after a half-hearted resistance to General Feng-Yu-Lsiang on the Tientsin-Peking railway. His army, as usual, is left to fend for itself and is living on the country. Wu's strength is certainly broken for the moment, but he still has allies in some of the central provinces, such as Kiangsu. Should Feng and Chang-Tso-lin, who is now on his way to Peking, find co-operation in Government not so easy as in rebellion, Wu may find his chance later. The one hope for China lies in the war-weariness from which the peasants are reported to be suffering and the material damage sus-

tained from the combination of war and floods. Feng and Chang proclaim themselves as heralds of peace, which on this occasion seems to resemble a conjurer's white rabbit more than a dove. Can they achieve it?

A PORT FOR POLAND

A report has recently appeared in the American Press to the effect that the visit to Paris of General Sikorski, the Polish Minister of Defence, was for the purpose of arranging with French interests the development of a Polish Port in the Baltic. Danzig was understood to be unsatisfactory for Polish purposes owing to the nationalism of its Government and its situation in the corridor between Germany and East Prussia. Actually, the facts are that Poland has decided to build a port at Gdynia in Polish territory some twenty miles north-west of Danzig, and that the contract has already been given to a well-known French firm. The chief question in dispute was the use of Danzig for the transport of munitions, but recently the friction between the two states has died down. It is, in fact, hard to understand the action of Poland in spending large sums on the development of Gdynia at the present time when she greatly needs money for internal development. Moreover, the problem of the corridor cannot be solved by these means since the new port is also in that area.

IRAQ

Too little attention has been paid to the decision of the Council of the League last week in the Iraq frontier dispute. The point at issue was not large, since the boundary to be laid down was only a temporary one. But we think that we are right in saying that it is the first case in which one of the Great Powers has unhesitatingly accepted a decision of the League which did not entirely favour the argument of that Power. In this case we ourselves claimed that the temporary boundary between Turkey and Iraq was that in force at the date of the signature of the Lausanne Treaty. The Turks thought otherwise and had occupied the territory which we claimed. The Council's decision allows the Turks to retain possession of the "no man's land" between the two effectively administered areas, but condemns their advance over the Hazil River. The latter is to be evacuated by November 15. The Turkish Government can give no better evidence of its good faith and intentions than by punctually withdrawing those troops.

WELL DONE

One aspect of the election cannot be over-emphasized, and that is the work of the Unionist Central Office. Last week we referred to the splendid results of Mr. Blain's endeavours, and we must not forget the service of the remainder of the staff. When things go wrong a scapegoat must be found, and last year the Conservative Press fixed with one accord on the Central Office the blame for electoral defeat. It is a wonderful tribute to the efficiency of that office that the same personnel—with one exception—should on this occasion have organized so signal a victory. But praise is less lavishly bestowed than blame, and this fine achievement has not received its due measure of acknowledgment.

THE GREAT OPPORTUNITY

THE eminently justified rejoicings over the Conservative triumph at the polls are over, and we are called upon to-day less to reckon up gains than to consider the responsibilities they impose upon the victorious Party. The opportunity opened up to Conservatism is the greatest it has ever enjoyed, but the very magnitude of the victory has created dangers peculiarly formidable. Mr. Baldwin is absolutely master of the Parliamentary situation. He happens to be, by his virtues and his limitations, one of those very exceptional men who can be trusted neither to neglect nor unduly to exploit such a position, and it is not to him but to the rank and file of his supporters in Parliament and outside it that we address ourselves in warning and in incitement to a bold policy such as the peculiar circumstances demand. The capital fact in the situation, as we see it, is the disappearance of the national party traditionally alternative to that which we serve. Liberalism has very nearly vanished from the House of Commons. In this quarter and that it is supposed that presently it will revive, and there are those who fancy that Proportional Representation would give it a certain posthumous authority. These are vain imaginings. For all practical purposes, Liberalism is dead. The future belongs to Conservatism and to Socialism. The issue is not which shall now prevail, for the country, so far as it can, has resolved that Conservatism shall govern for four or five years. The real issue is what alternative shall eventually be available when, in the inexorable working of political forces, Conservatism quits office.

It is in the power of Conservatism to purify the Socialist Opposition. It is also in the power of Conservatism to throw the Socialists back on the hoariest and most dangerous of their fallacies, convinced that no Government supported by capitalists can produce any remedies for the ills of society. Four years or five are given to Conservatism, but every day will be needed for the demonstration of the truth that the old order is not bankrupt of ideas or callous of heart, but capable and eager to bring back health and prosperity to the nation. Every delay, every failure will confirm some potential supporter of the traditional order in the Socialist heresy, every prompt and effective measure will go some way towards changing an Opposition pledged to class war into a body truly capable of assuming in its turn the duties of His Majesty's Government.

The very first task to which Conservatism is called is that of lifting certain economic and industrial matters out of Party politics. The doctrine that Labour can have justice only when "Labour" governs is nothing less than devilish. It implies that the nation as a whole cares nothing for the rights of its largest element, and if accepted could only be an argument for violent extra-political action by workers when their professed representatives were out of power. Conservatism has to prove, and we are very confident it will prove, that a national Government is not only as solicitous for the welfare of the workers as any Socialist Government could be, but through its national character and immunity from suspicion better able to confer permanent benefits on the workers. It

would be a tragic mistake, however, if concern for the workers were thought to involve a superstitious respect for the licence which the Trade Unions have extorted from a blackmailed society. The conditions of industrial peace and prosperity are many, but one of the chief is the liberation of the Unions from the tyranny of a minority of wild men. And one of the shortest cuts to that desirable state of affairs would be an open and fully representative inquiry into the working of the Trade Union Acts, with a view to furnishing their responsible leaders with an argument against those who urge on wanton strikes and indulge in coercion.

Next, on the view of the situation here taken, it is incumbent on Conservatism to lose no time in undertaking investigations into the methods by which the people's food and other necessities are forced up in price to the grave detriment of the consumer and without benefit to the producer. Mr. Baldwin has very rightly laid stress repeatedly on the need for inquiry into the causes of the high charges which diminish the real value of wages in urban industries without at all profiting the rural worker or small capitalist. With a really big working-class vote behind it the new Government can afford to be bold in this regard; indeed, in the long run it cannot afford to be timid. Should the result of an inquiry of the kind we suggest be to prove that undue profits are being made at the expense of the consumer, the Government should take immediate measures to remedy that situation. In any attempt to break up the rings and lower the cost of living it would have the people behind it. Not its own people merely, but every consumer in the country. The problem of wages can never be satisfactorily treated apart from the question of the real value of wages; still less can it be handled without vigorous measures against unemployment. Conservatism, unlike Socialism, carries no panacea in its pocket. It can ameliorate the lot of the bulk of the nation only by a comprehensive policy in which the safeguarding of threatened industries, the speeding up of works that could ordinarily have been spread over many years, the emigration within the Empire of workers for whom there is need overseas, but little chance here, have their place alongside of measures to avert profiteering and to restore confidence between class and class. Always Conservatism must insist that class war is ruin, and that only in national unity is there the power and the incentive to remedy the ills which, harming one class primarily, injure all ultimately.

The Government over which Mr. Baldwin is to preside is emphatically a popular Government. Its mandate is from no one class but from all. Its majority is large enough to enable it to undertake the heaviest task with the assurance that its policy must prevail. But if it is to rise to the height of its opportunity it must have the constant and zealous support of all who voted it into power. It must be made to feel that the boldest and least conventional of its actions will have ready support so long as they are seen to be directed towards the restoration of employment, of social health, of Imperial development. It was elected as an alternative to a Socialist Government: it can best justify itself by measures which leave no pretext for the Socialist pretence that society must be subverted before its sufferings can be lessened. Let it go forward with courage.

CENOTAPHS AND CABARETS

AFTER the dreary interval of disillusion, perhaps it may seem pedantic to inquire what has become of the ideals which inspired this nation when, six years ago next Tuesday, the Armistice brought four years of warfare to an end. Men believed then that the world was going to turn over a new leaf. Suffering had made of them passionate if temporary converts. There was a real and lively idealism abroad: "the faith and fire within us" was to consume the old order and set a new upon firmer and more exalted foundations. Most of us believed what we said, and the Press of that time, reflecting accurately the public sentiment, was charged, at all events so far as its better element was concerned, with a lofty and measured sense of national responsibility.

The world is weary of its past, and we know that we cannot live any longer as we used to live, each man and nation for itself. We have suffered too much and lost too much for that; and in our suffering and loss we have dreamed dreams and seen visions. We know that there is more, both within us and without us, than we dreamed of; we know that there is mankind and the hope of all mankind, and the will of man that can accomplish itself.

This is how a great English newspaper expressed itself—clearly in full sincerity—less than six years ago. The nation felt a heavy but uplifted sense of obligation; it had a debt to pay, and it would not fail in paying it. The torch was thrown to us from failing hands to hold high and illumine the darkness. We had a duty to fulfil to those who had died. We would build a new world.

That, it is no exaggeration to say, is how England felt then. How does she feel now? Is she still determined that the war shall not have been fought in vain, that because of it she will make of life a worthier and more significant thing? Or were we fools, rather, blinded by the magnitude of our calamity, to think humanity capable of such a transformation? Her people have not forgotten. Too many of them have suffered from the visitation of death, and while they live memory must endure. Yet what is there changed and enlightened in the conduct of our world to-day to which we can point in witness, saying to those who are no longer with us that thus and thus have their deaths profited us, that thus and thus have we kept faith? Among ninety per cent. of our people there persists a loving and grateful remembrance of the dead and a quiet faith in the worth of their sacrifice, despite disappointment and betrayal. But what would one of these dead, returning, make of our world of 1924? And what in particular would he make of our national commemoration of November 11?

The noisy ten per cent., whose memories are shorter or whose loss was less devastating, have made a mockery of the Cenotaph. By these what ought to be a day of humble remembrance has been transformed into a day of forgetfulness, a day on which they drown their own selfish cares in the oblivion of rowdy and extravagant frivolity. Two short minutes are spared for remembrance of the dead, followed by a rush to the nearest cabaret-restaurant. It is hypocrisy to remember the dead unless we remember also that for which they died. Did they die, then, that gilded youth and cynic age should dally together on dance-floors on this one day of all days in the year? Is the popping

of champagne corks a fit threnody for their sacrifice? Did they give their lives to make the world safe for saxophones?

It may be pleaded in defence that that first Armistice night set a precedent and began a custom. The exuberance of that occasion was the natural and inevitable reaction of a nation released suddenly and incredibly from the long discipline of war. For the revellers of 1924 there can be no such excuse. We would not have it be thought that we desire to deprive people of their innocent and legitimate pleasures: the nation needs what jollity it can muster in these dismal days of aftermath. But it does not need it, and emphatically should not have it, on November 11; the revels of the minority on this day are an offence against the bereaved majority. It may be urged that then we celebrate the end of killing; but that was not a business to be proud of, and should be celebrated in silence and humility rather than to the strains of uproarious merriment. If the peace be thought worthy of celebration there are three hundred and sixty-four other opportunities of celebrating it during the year. For this one day we should call a halt to self-enjoyment. Why does the nation allow Armistice Day to be thus exploited by hotel and restaurant proprietors for their private gain? Let us be quiet now in the presence of noble sacrifice and faithful aspirations. So may we bring home to ourselves and to our children a remembrance of the meaning of those days and the folly and wickedness of war. And if those who have money are to spend it on this day, let them spend it, not on themselves, but on others, on those who are in worse plight than the dead, on those who are maimed and may never recover, on the hungry and the unemployed.

MIDDLE ARTICLES

HOW THE PRESS HELPED

By A. A. B.

ALL the politicians whom I have met in the last week are agreed that the victory of Conservatism was largely due to the influence of the Press. It would be ungracious to attempt to weigh the efforts of orators against those of editors and leaders. But the victors are unstinted in their expressions of gratitude for, and admiration of, the massed attack of all the journalistic groups upon the enemy. This time it was a case of "all together," with a vengeance. The triumphant result of newspaper artillery is the more remarkable because in previous elections the interference of the Press has often had no effect, or an opposite result to that intended. The first instance of a newspaper upsetting a Government and exposing a national scandal, occurred during the Crimean War. With Delane as editor and Billy Russell as war correspondent, *The Times* revelations of the horrors of Scutari and Sebastopol led to the downfall of the Aberdeen Government and the reform of military hospitals under Florence Nightingale. The next time that *The Times* came into conflict with a political force it was not so fortunate. In the duel with Parnell *The Times* was conspicuously worsted. But 1906 was perhaps the most signal example of the failure of the whole Unionist Press to save their party from disaster. In the two General Elections of 1910 the Conservative Press certainly succeeded in reducing by more than half the abnormal Liberal majority of 1906, though their party was still left in

a rather helpless minority, which resulted in the retirement of Mr. Balfour, their favourite statesman. During the war nothing was normal; everybody and everything alternated between panic and exultation. But I remember the hour when there was a public clamour that a certain newspaper should be burnt in front of the Royal Exchange. Of Mr. Lloyd George's *coupon d'état* it is needless to speak; it was a purely personal success. I do not think that the Press had any great influence upon the elections of 1922 and 1923, which were the result of the play of personalities within the ring of professional politicians. How comes it, then, that the influence of the Press, morning, evening and weekly, has been so striking in the election just over? In the first place, Conservative and Liberal organs acted together against the Socialists, with the exception of two sinister wobblers in the ranks of Liberal journalism; secondly, the Press campaign, though short, was more intensive than any within my memory. Day after day, evening after evening, there appeared leading articles impressing upon the voters, in the clearest and most incisive way, their duties and their dangers. Nothing could have been better than the manner in which the able editor stamped upon his readers' minds the supreme necessity of stable government and the imminent perils of international Communism.

Whatever the Liberals may make of it, the Conservatives are unfeignedly grateful to their newspaper allies. In this imperfect world, where it is nearly always a case of "a cutlet for a cutlet," the relations between the Government and the Press become more interesting and perhaps more delicate. The power of the Press has increased, is increasing, and will not be diminished. This is due partly to the increasing number of both sexes who read newspapers, and partly to the increasing ability and attractiveness with which the newspapers are composed. In a free and democratic country like England I do not think there is much danger of our ever seeing that most odious thing, a Government organ; but as I have just said, there must be give and take in human affairs. The journal or journals which help to put a party in power will naturally and legitimately expect something in return. Of peerages I should think Fleet Street has had enough, for with three or four exceptions all the owners of groups of papers are now members of the Upper House. Besides, coronets have lately lost a good deal of market value from circumstances too well known to be dwelt on. But I do not see why journalists, including in that term proprietors, editors, and contributors, should not enter the House of Commons, and there contend for the prizes of public life. It would, indeed, be a great advantage if the proprietor or journalist were personally responsible, as well as powerful. Pressmen, to use a compendious term, are surely as well equipped for participation in government as lawyers, company financiers, or country gentlemen. I would rather, if I were a Prime Minister, take the Press into open partnership by the admission of some of its members to my administration, than be exposed to the suspicion of underground influence. In the United States newspaper men receive their full share of recognition from the Government in the shape of ambassadorial and consular appointments. It is not an exaggeration to say that most American ambassadors have been the owners or editors of powerful journals. In France the predominance of journalists in the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies is even more marked. There is hardly a French Cabinet without one or two distinguished brethren of the pen, and several Prime Ministers have exchanged the editorial chair for the Quai d'Orsay. In this country Lord Morley is the first journalist who has risen to the rank of a Cabinet Minister. He is not likely to be the last. As the power of heredity represented by the older political families grows fainter in the atmosphere of democracy, it is inevitable that a profession which

wields in more or less privacy such powerful weapons should enter into the arena, and accept the pains and pleasures of political warfare.

One other aspect of the question remains, which is not so pleasant to handle. We have heard a good deal about "sheltered trades." The trade of the journalist-politician would undoubtedly be sheltered in a way not fair to his competitors. There are two or three distinguished statesmen of the first rank to-day who have reversed the process indicated above, and have passed in a sense from Downing Street to Fleet Street. Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Birkenhead, and perhaps Mr. Churchill, have become professional journalists, *sans phrase*. Mr. Lloyd George, if not the other two, has entered into long contracts with newspaper syndicates and proprietors in this country, and in the United States. That a Cabinet Minister should turn newspaper writer may surprise those who do not know the enormous sums paid in these days to such contributors for, it must be said, very mediocre stuff. I will not go into the question whether these ex-Cabinet Ministers are justified, legally or morally, in selling the information which they have acquired from Government documents; but I do want to point out the danger of a class of "sheltered" statesmen arising from the merger of the political and journalistic professions. It is quite impossible that men like Mr. Lloyd George or Lord Birkenhead can receive the candid and unfettered criticism that is meted out by the Press to their rivals. Indeed, the indulgence shown to these two eminent men is already apparent. The advance from Fleet Street to Downing Street is one thing; the return journey is a very different matter. Cabinet Ministers, on being ejected or retiring from office, ought to be provided with adequate pensions, to prevent them from performing what the late Prime Minister calls "monkey tricks." That, however, is another large question, which cannot be opened at the end of an article.

THE DRUNKEN MOTORIST AND THE LAW

[By Our Medical Correspondent]

ALTHOUGH the advent of motoring has happily coincided with the steady increase of temperance in these islands, the number of accidents due to the drunken motorist has rightly become a matter of growing public concern. And there can be no doubt that, in every part of the country, there has lately been a wave of popular feeling in favour of imposing the utmost possible penalties in all proven cases. This was reflected only recently in a question asked in the House of Commons in respect of the unequal sentences passed upon those convicted of being drunk when in charge of motor cars, and the Home Secretary was interrogated as to whether he would take steps to ensure that, in all cases of conviction, the driving licence of the offender should be automatically withdrawn. To this Mr. Henderson replied, as I think very sensibly, that such sentences must inevitably vary according to local and individual circumstances, and that while he agreed as to the desirability of the most stringent exercise of existing powers in such cases, he was not in favour of making the withdrawal of offenders' licences a necessary consequence of conviction in every case.

It is quite clear that legal authorities everywhere are subject to increasing popular pressure when dealing with motorists accused of being drunk, and it seems probable that the near future may witness a marked stiffening of the relative laws. In so far as this would protect both the motoring and non-motoring public it would have the approval of every decent motorist. But if such a strengthening of the law is contemplated, the importance of defining and accurately diagnosing drunkenness will become a

matter of equal urgency. It may be argued that this is perfectly simple. But, as every doctor can testify, it is often a problem of the extremest difficulty, not only from the medico-legal point of view, but from that of pure medicine when there is no complicating question of pains and penalties.

Thus the mere odour of alcohol may accrue from a single, recent and quite moderate drink; and even when associated with loss of control, emotional excitement, or actual unconsciousness may have no more bearing upon the condition found than would the previous partaking of a bar of chocolate. Indeed most people will be familiar with recorded instances in which a hasty assumption of drunkenness thus founded has had to be tragically revised in the subsequently-discovered presence of serious organic disease. The present writer, for instance, witnessed a motor accident quite recently in which a lady driver knocked over a cyclist, whereupon she fell back in her seat apparently half-unconscious, only to lean forward when approached by the indignant cyclist and give him the benefit of a very powerful and succinct flow of invective. This concluded, she again fell back in her seat in the same state of semi-collapse. Fortunately there were plenty of witnesses to testify that, in this particular case, the motorist was not at fault, and the lady's condition was obviously of an hysterical nature. Had witnesses been few, however, or absent altogether, and an odour of alcohol detected in the lady's breath, it is easy to perceive how readily a miscarriage of justice might have followed this incident.

Even when alcohol has been freely imbibed, and no other causes of mishap are discoverable, the exact degree in which it has been responsible is frequently almost impossible to appraise, and a short time ago, in the Marylebone Police Court, a magistrate and police-surgeon found themselves in conflict in endeavouring to define the term "drunk" as applicable to the driver of a motor van. Moreover, it has to be remembered that in all skilled work the effect of alcohol is largely relative to the experience and expertness of the worker. A practised speaker, for example, may be able to deliver a speech or recitation when totally unable to cross a room; and for this reason a writing or pronunciation test would impose a far higher standard upon a navvy than a clerk. The determination of drunkenness is therefore by no means so easy as might at first appear, and it is of interest to note in this connexion the position that has recently been adopted in Denmark. In that country a single conviction of drunkenness while driving a car may lead to the permanent withdrawal of the offender's licence; and consequently, at the request of the police, the Danish Medico-Legal Council was asked to draw up a uniform standard test of drunkenness. With the assistance of a pharmacologist and a specialist in mental diseases, a code was therefore devised, and it is claimed that, if it be carefully followed out, any qualified medical practitioner is able to give a satisfactory opinion. Under this system full notes have to be made as to general appearance, conduct and gait, and prescribed arithmetical, memory, and descriptive, and various other tests have to be applied, and a distinction is drawn between actual drunkenness and being under the influence of drink.

As an additional safeguard, however, a medical expert has been appointed for the town of Copenhagen, whose services are instantly available to the police either by day or night. As a result a valuable series of observations has already been accumulated, and the care devoted to the matter may be deduced when it is remembered that the average time occupied by each examination is no less than three-quarters of an hour. When it is further remembered how infinitely motor-drivers vary in temperament, education and emotional balance, and that the atmosphere cre-

ated by an accident and subsequent inquiry is bound, even in normal persons, to produce a certain degree of psychological excitement, it will probably be agreed that the time allowed is by no means too long.

Unfortunately, in this country examinations of such cases, both lay and medical, are apt to be far more perfunctory, and it would surely seem time that some such concerted method should be required and adopted here in dealing with similar cases, and especially if the penalties for drunkenness while driving are to be of a severer order in the future. Thus it should be a matter of no great practical difficulty to appoint a medical expert for a prescribed area whose services could be relied on by the police within the shortest possible space of time, or who could be summoned as a referee to give specialist assistance to the already existing police surgeon. It would also seem advisable that the latter should be obliged to conduct a definite and uniform series of tests, and that the police should themselves be capable of applying some sort of simple preliminary examination. A valuable body of trained opinion could soon, in this way, be brought into being. An unpleasant and unwelcome responsibility would be sensibly lightened for involved medical practitioners, and a great deal of confusion in the various courts of justice be avoided in the future. The real risk of an unjust sentence would also to a large extent be obviated.

THE WORK OF LEON BLOY

By ERNEST DIMNET

THE Place du Théâtre-Français is almost as quiet as its neighbour the Palais Royal, although little eddies from the animation of the Avenue de l'Opéra every now and then produce there a two-minute excitement. So I could not help noticing, a few days ago, quite a little crowd outside the shop of Stock, the bookseller. Most of the wide window showed an unwonted display of pictures, manuscripts, and souvenirs on a background of volumes one suspected at once of being first editions. A scroll across the window told you that these were relics of "The last Catholic writer," while a glance at the pictures recalled immediately the strongly chiselled head and the intelligent but insolent goggle eyes of Léon Bloy.

Who could have supposed that, seven years after his obscure death, this writer, who lived and died in poverty and during his lifetime was never known outside the literary circles of Montmartre, would not only attract a crowd, but, as I found since, would receive more attention in the Press in a week than was ever given him before? Is it true that every man some day must come into his own and compel unwilling criticism to give him his due? Perhaps two in a hundred Parisians, perhaps four in a thousand Frenchmen, have heard the name of Léon Bloy; but here was a publisher, who never was regarded as a religious publisher, collecting his souvenirs, and newspaper men, notebook in hand, were standing before them, and day after day all this week thousands and scores of thousands of readers have learned to think of Bloy as we think of men supposed to have been apart from us and above us.

Injustice to writers will in the future be less and less frequent, for the mobilization by publishers of all the methods of advertising since the war acts even on critics, and tends to substitute injustice to the public instead. But a man like Bloy, exactly as had been the case with Barbey d'Aurevilly before, could not remain indefinitely obscure. A writer choke-full of a conviction, part of which is the conviction of his own superiority, is like a heavy flower whose fragrance must sooner or later be noticed in the garden.

Léon Bloy, the so-called "last Catholic writer," certainly realized Catholicism as few people can do. He had a mystic soul, like Carlyle, whose intellectual

disciple he was, and, like Carlyle again, he constantly interpreted history, especially the history of our own times, by moral or religious canons. He was less a believer than a seer, thinking of Christ and the saints as if he were actually living with them, and his spiritual life meant so little of an effort that it was irrepressible. Poverty and obscurity were no conditions of his peculiar saintliness, as they are frequently supposed to be. He did not relish them, and, like Barbey, would rather have talked as if he were a millionaire choosing to live in the humblest of lodgings up at Montmartre because his faith was his own and was as much his pride as his genius.

There was no display of humility in Léon Bloy, as there is none in Hilaire Belloc—who, however, sometimes reveals the true Christian's self-depreciation in touching, childlike traits. If you look at his pictures, two of which are by himself, and one is painted in highly romanticist and symbolical shark-oil, you will see at once that the man is in revolt against possible misapprehension, and has brought his superior intelligence to the realization of himself as well as of everything else. Nobody can withstand this capacity when it reaches a certain degree. We do not resist it in Léon Daudet, whose conceit is only saved from being called conceit by his talent. How could we resist it in a man like Léon Bloy, who was conscious of the mysterious uplifting of his inward revelation besides? This the visitors who constantly sought Léon Bloy in his two rooms felt in the very atmosphere of his ever disappointed, but never for one instant depressed, existence; and we mere readers feel it in his books. Only four or five of them make a pretence of being objective, and their very titles—'Le Désespéré,' 'La Femme Pauvre,' 'Un Brelan d'Excommuniés'—belie the intention; the rest consist of Diaries—eight or nine volumes—and of letters in which Bloy endlessly talks of himself or abuses his enemies. Analyse the strange power of that oldest of old-fashioned novels, 'Evelina,' and you will find that interest of the author in herself which lends immortal life to what would otherwise be poor literature.

Add to this another irrepressible realization, the realization of human inferiority which, at nineteen, drove Léon Bloy to a monastery—where he only stayed a week—as it has driven others to suicide. Bloy was a Catholic but he would not be blind. His great eyes were wide open on the shortcomings at which most religious people wink. No anti-religious writer has indulged in such bitter sarcasms at the expense of priests or of the Roman congregations. Even Zola could not have written the four untranslatable pages on the surgeon Esculape Nuptial—in 'L'Exégèse des Lieux Communs'—but if he had he would have been regarded as an insulter of religion. Yet, analyse that story, constantly on the verge of grossness and more than once plunging into it, you will see nothing but hatred of that stupidity which engenders sin. Bloy was no Saint Francis; he was a Montmartre Dante so sure of his faith that he was never afraid of injuring it by descriptions which are a scandal to the weak and a delight to Homais the apothecary.

Conviction and imagination of such intensity inevitably produce literature. Bloy, the master of invective, the merciless painter of lowness, but the sincere Christian, the sight of whom ravished those who saw him in a church, was, in the multitudinous charm of his conversation, another Mallarmé. In his books he was, to say the least, another Huysmans, violent and gaudy, but irresistible. It is by this side that he appeals to the new school of writers—no matter how remote from any religious tendency—who call Anatole France "jujube," and want reality to be so nude that it will appear flayed. How long the tendency will last we cannot tell, but that it fills the literature of to-day is visible even in Salmon's 'La Négrresse du Sacré Cœur,' and accounts for what would otherwise be incomprehensible: the glorification of a writer who was certainly not of the first order.

THE THEATRE

THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL

BY IVOR BROWN

The Duenna. By R. B. Sheridan. Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.
Patricia. By Denis Mackail, Arthur Stanley, and Austin Melford.
Music by Geoffrey Gwyther. His Majesty's Theatre.

FOR Mr. Nigel Playfair the age of reason has been the age of reward. Gay and Congreve have done more than their obvious duty, which was to decant the bright young people of Hampstead and Chelsea into the Underground and so into his riverside playhouse. The drama of airs and graces, of manners and trulls, had found a wider appetite and a devouring public that was ready to masticate this diet far beyond the Gladstonian standard, nay, even unto seventy times seven. After 'The Beggar's Opera' Sheridan with music became inevitable. Paris and Birmingham have entertained 'The Duenna.' Now the lady goes into residence at what is obviously her spiritual home, and if she wins but a third of Polly Peachum's favour she will celebrate her hundred and fiftieth birthday next November in the full fling of rediscovered popularity.

The intellectuals are apt to scold Mr. Playfair, purists bandy the word "pastiche" and denounce his old-fangled, new-fangled affectations. Intellectuals, of course, have to keep up a scornful mood lest common clay should doubt their intelligence. But Mr. Playfair continues impenitently to mould the eighteenth century to his whims, to wash and brush it and teach it his tricks. Personally I do not cavil at his pursuit of "quaint for quaint's sake," since I hold a fancy that both Mr. Gay and Mr. Sheridan, could their shades return, would be delighted to learn how spick and span their work can be made; surely they might be quite amused by the antic page-boys who kick their heels in 'The Duenna' and by the lamp-lighters who danced to Mr. Playfair's piping in 'The Way of the World.' At any rate the public appears to be on Mr. Playfair's side and I am inclined to back them against the purists, particularly in the matter of garnishing these authors. Nobody could object more than I do to "fantasticated" Shakespeare; but Shakespeare can very well look after himself. He has only to be uncaged. But Gay and Sheridan are song-birds of a lesser breed and need some coaxing.

'The Duenna' is a passable play of intrigue with at least two very good scenes and at least several more which are perfunctory. The part of Don Jerome is studded with the smiting blows of speech. The Jew and the Duenna make comedy that is at once broad and brilliant. But the good things are ill-sustained and it is permissible to be bored by Sheridan when he is doing no more than keep the plot going. And the whole is so artificial that an added ounce or two of artifice in the production certainly cannot infect or poison any essential atmosphere. Mr. Playfair's version is more emphatic and more vivid than was that of M. Komissarjevsky in Paris a year ago. It is more of a masquerade. And why not? For the play is, taken as a whole, patchy work with patchy lyrics and goes in need of dressing. The thread of the story is not enough and our manager does well to bind it with braid and ribbons. He does not go abroad for his embroidery. With Linley's music (adapted) it is all as English as Newgate or the Bath Road, where, as we have learned before, the fortunes of Nigel do mostly prosper.

Mr. Playfair himself acts Don Jerome with straightforward gusto, and gets full value from the old rogue's crusty commonsense. The part is stuffed with richness. Of lovers' minstrelsy he says, "These amorous orgies, that steal the senses in the hearing; as they say Egyptian embalmers serve mummies, extracting

the brain through the ears." Of England, "No one there regards pedigree in anything but a horse." But not all the good things are his. It is Louise who describes the converted Jew as standing "like a dead wall between Church and synagogue or like the blank leaves between the Old and New Testaments." If all the dialogue had such vigour and such worthy echoes of the stinging Restoration talk there would be little need of adding grace to the airs and flourishes to the graces. But the muscularity of speech dwindles at times and a little invention of "business" comes in handy. In this sense Mr. Playfair is very markedly a business manager and, if you think that the great courtship scene between the Jew and the Duenna to be too much trimmed with "tomfoolery," observe your neighbour. He will probably be making it abundantly plain by laughter that he likes his Sheridan as Sam Weller's colleagues at Bath liked their boiled mutton, namely, with the "trimmins."

Mr. Playfair's trimmings have a style of their own, if not a style of the eighteenth century. Yet which of us can dogmatize about the time? One may picture a surface of wit and reason on a foundation of grub-biness and insanitary, carefree ways. But it must have been often otherwise. Dr. Johnson, for instance, "asked to have his lemonade made sweeter; upon which, the waiter, with his greasy fingers, lifted a lump of sugar and put it into it. The Doctor, in indignation, threw it out of the window. Scott said he was afraid he would have knocked the waiter down." We seem to be not far off the age of Pure Milk in Sealed Bottles. Perhaps this scoured, shining eighteenth century from the Hammersmith laundry is historic fact.

To comment upon Mr. Reynolds's handling of the Linley airs is not within my province, but to an inexperienced ear the music seemed at once gracious and serviceable, like Chippendale made audible. Mr. George Sheringham's decorations have the merit of not seeking consciously after merit; his scenes avoid preciousness, are workmanlike, and let the play run easily through a multitude of changing backgrounds. Mr. Frank Cochran's Isaac, as swarthy as Othello, has the lisp and gesture of conventional Jewry, but it has also the right touch of the sly dog proved simpleton and the wooing of the Duenna (Miss Elsie French) is a little triumph of cross-purposes. Miss Elsa Macfarlane looks as English as a hedgerow in June and sings with the sweet innocence of its inhabitants. But there is no need for a dark lady with pitch-ball eyes to adorn with spurious Latinity this very British piece of fun; the dancers may click a castanet and whirl, orange-clad, in the fandango, but Seville is a name only and signifies no more than fancy free.

Those who wish to retain their faith in human progress are advised not to proceed immediately from Hammersmith to His Majesty's. There is a large public in this country for light opera, but it is driven to look backwards for its delights. 'Patricia' is called "a play with music," but it is typical of modern musical comedy and has no fragment of connexion with *opéra bouffe*. Musical comedy in Austrian hands did develop an idiom of its own, but lack of style and standard are written all over our English attempts. On this occasion three authors only are employed; half-a-dozen is the usual team. They succeed, however, in demonstrating that in the achievement of the dreary three brains are better than one. The comedians tumble about and make the puns and back-answers that the wag of a preparatory school would shrink from perpetrating; there is even a joke about the age of breakfast eggs. These patched-up "books" of triple or multiple authorship can be mended, however, and new facetiousness, or even comedy, may be grafted on to this affair. Miss Dorothy Dickson is a clever dancer and Miss Cicely Debenham a spirited grotesque. But the latter's ritual of absurdity needs some content of genuine comedy if it is not to become a monotonous formalism.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

"A TIRED OLD WOMAN"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—A somewhat different, and I think better, version of the lines quoted by your correspondent is given under the title, 'A Tired Woman's Epitaph,' in W. Gurney Benham's 'Book of Quotations' (1924). It is as follows:

Here lies a poor woman who always was tired;
She lived in a house where no help was hired;
Her last words on earth were: "Dear friends, I am going
Where washing ain't done, nor sweeping nor sewing;
But everything there is exact to my wishes,
For where they don't eat there's no washing of dishes.
I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing,
But, having no voice, I'll be clear of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now; don't mourn for me never—
I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever.

A note states that the lines have been quoted before 1850, and that the authorship is unknown.

I am, etc.,

20 College Road, Brighton

H. J. AYLIFFE

'HANSARD'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—At the commencement of every new Parliament the officially published volume of Parliamentary Debates (Hansard) gives the names of the members of Parliament.

May I through your columns suggest to the Comptroller of H.M. Stationery Office that he should also show in the printed list to what Party—Conservative, Liberal, Labour, or Independent—each individual member belongs? This would be of very considerable advantage not only to constituents but also to students.

I am, etc.,

"TOURNEBROCHE"

"SOUTHERN IRELAND"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—No critic has the right to accuse an author of deliberately suppressing truth, unless he can produce valid proof. Your review of my recent book on Ireland suggests that I am (apparently with a view to placate Irish feeling) withholding my real knowledge and opinions. Proof, then, is offered: "Mr. Gwynne (*sic*), who is a Trinity man, and should know, says nothing of the ridiculous worthlessness of Irish nationalist degrees, of the disgraceful inefficiency of the teaching in the schools, middle and elementary, and little of the farcical attempt to reintroduce Irish as the official language . . . nor does he hint at the way in which Government interferes with academic freedom."

Now, I gave a chapter (in a book of ten chapters) to the question of Gaelic, and my views on it are there fully and faithfully set out. I say nothing of the ridiculous worthlessness "of Irish nationalist degrees," because in my judgment the National University (in which three of my sons graduated) gives as distinguished teaching as Trinity; and I know Trinity as well as my own university, which is Oxford. On the scientific side, and generally in all the modern subjects, the National is as well staffed as its great rival. On the arts side it is perhaps not on the same level. But some years ago

when the Croner Prize for a Greek thesis was offered to students of all universities, the first winner of it was an alumnus of the National University, educated entirely in an Irish Catholic school. If "worthlessness" has reference to other standards, I reply that the cash value of a degree is no test of educational efficiency. As to the interference with academic freedom, I do not hint, because I do not know. Probably the reviewer means that subsidies will be withheld from Trinity unless it makes Irish compulsory. Freedom, whether academic or other, does not mean that you are entitled to get everything your own way. It is a thing you may have to pay for. I personally think it a mistake to attach any conditions to any grant made to any university, and I opposed the means by which the National University has faced its making Gaelic compulsory at matriculation. But the County Councils acted within their rights when they made this "a condition" of endowing scholarships: and the Government will be within its rights so long as it leaves Trinity free to employ the funds it possesses at its own academic discretion.

However, I should like your readers to understand that if this matter was not mentioned, the reason was not caution. I think myself entitled to claim that what I write about Ireland is written by one not afraid to speak his mind. Do you seriously deny to the book in question this essential value?

I am, etc.,

STEPHEN GWYNN

[Our reviewer writes: "I regret the misprint which disfigured Mr. Gwynn's name and I apologize for supposing him to be an Irish graduate. I cannot feel that a comparison to the masters of Russian literature is a charge of "deliberately suppressing truth," or really derogatory, even to Mr. Gwynn, whose courage and probity are not to be questioned for a moment. As to the value of Southern Irish non-professional degrees instructed opinion may be allowed to differ; and the way in which a recent archaeological appointment was rescinded does not promise much for academic freedom."—ED. S.R.]

AN APPEAL

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—To have treated 40,233 patients in the last year is a great record; but it is distressing to think that another 1,000 urgent cases could have been admitted to the wards of the Royal Northern Group of Hospitals if the sixty closed beds had been available.

With the object of reducing its debt of nearly £65,000, and re-opening these sixty beds, various functions are being organized this autumn. And, following the example of our President, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, in a previous year, H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught has this year kindly consented to preside at a Festival Dinner to be held on Thursday, November 13, at the Hotel Cecil, which I hope will be well attended. As North London's largest General Hospital, we receive warm support from that area, but we badly need contributions from more wealthy districts.

In addition to this appeal for maintenance, may I mention that we have received an offer of £3,000 to enable us to re-open twelve beds as a Maternity Department if a further £5,000 is collected for its endowment before the New Year. I most earnestly beg your readers to help us to claim this handsome gift and also to alleviate the distress and suffering of hundreds of poor people annually, by sending a donation to our Festival Dinner Fund for re-opening the closed beds. Contributions will be welcomed by the Hon. Treasurer, Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway, N.7.

I am, etc.,

NORTHAMPTON

Castle Ashby, Northampton

(Chairman)



Dramatis Personae. No. 124.

By 'Quiz'

CABINET PUDDING

REVIEWS

A GREAT PROCONSUL

Lord Minto. By John Buchan. Nelson. 21s. net.

THE late Lord Minto has been fortunate in his biographer. Mr. Buchan has a quadruple qualification for the task of depicting the career and character of one of those sturdy country gentlemen, developed into proconsuls, who have been the backbone of the British Empire, as they were once the backbone of the Roman Republic. As a historian, he has had ample experience in dissecting records and weighing evidence. As a novelist, he has successfully practised the art of putting flesh on dry bones. His brief though intimate experience of our colonial administration has helped him to realize its difficulties and its importance. Above all, he is a writer who is always dignified and on occasion can be brilliant. What could be happier than his incidental summary of the task of resisting the German advance thrown upon the little force of British regulars that held the line ten years ago until the Imperial levies could be ready? "They did not fail in that desperate duty, but most of them died of it." We need not be surprised, then, that Mr. Buchan has made one of the best written and most interesting of recent biographies out of the simple and self-devoted career of the fourth Earl of Minto. He rightly insists in his preface on the assistance which he obtained from Lady Minto—whose fame in India is second to that of no Englishwoman who ever devoted herself to the needs of the country people—and from the late Arthur Elliot, "that wise and gracious character." Without their help he would no doubt have been unable to draw so complete and well-rounded a picture of Lord Minto; but it is to Mr. Buchan himself that we are to be grateful for the admirable balance and excellent writing of these pages.

Lord Minto's career falls into three portions, to each of which a separate section is devoted. The first is that of his training, in describing which Mr. Buchan's literary ability is most conspicuous. From Eton, Cambridge, and the Guards the future Viceroy gave himself up to a most curious interlude of life as a successful gentleman jockey—a part of his career to which Mr. Buchan rightly ascribes much of his later success in handling and "gentling" skittish and skeery politicians. "My racing days," Lord Minto once said, "have taught me that many a race has been won by giving the horse a rest in his gallops." It would be well if all our statesmen could lay the same pregnant aphorism to heart. Some of Minto's Indian critics thought they could dispose of him as merely "a pleasant-spoken gentleman who jumps hedges," but there was more truth in the admiration of the native princes for a Viceroy who galloped on to the parade ground at a great function. The other golden rule which Minto kept before his eyes—though he did not think it necessary to "write home about it"—was expressed by his great ancestor who ruled India just a century before him: "No man of honour at the head of a government will ever compromise with revolt; he has no option but to maintain the contest or abandon his trust and fly from his duty." As Mr. Buchan remarks, Lord Minto always thought of government as "an exercise in co-operation and not as an anxious dictatorship." In these three quotations lies the secret of his conspicuous success in two great and difficult posts, and no statesmen who acted on them could come to enduring grief, though—like Minto—he might sometimes give offence to people with an axe to grind or an illusion to idealize.

Both as Governor-General of Canada and as Viceroy of India, Lord Minto was the right man in the right place. Nothing could give a better idea of his prevailing method than the long quotation from a Dawson paper which describes how the glaring abuses in the new gold-producing territory were all quietly put right,

without any fuss or flurry, as the result of a short personal visit by the Governor-General. "He secured results without friction." That is the badge of all the tribe of heaven-born administrators, whether they are foremen or shopwalkers or Viceroy. The account of Lord Minto's Indian administration, as successor to Lord Curzon at a very trying time, is a full commentary upon his application of this principle. Mr. Buchan's ablest piece of work, as we think, is his sage and beautifully impartial account of the difficult relationship between Lord Minto and Lord Morley, which is not quite what those who only know it from the letters afterwards printed by Lord Morley himself might have supposed. The Viceroy's knowledge of mankind, learnt in the school of active mingling with all sorts and conditions of men, had the better of the Secretary's wide and deep knowledge of political theory.

VICTORIAN SKETCHES

Some Victorian Men. By Harry Furniss. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d. net.

THE graceful pencil of Mr. Harry Furniss has conferred much pleasure on those who appreciate the sinuous line of beauty. Mr. Furniss draws better than he writes, but in spite of a tendency to the slipshod and the trivial he has collected much that is entertaining in his new volume of reminiscences of the Victorian age. It must be over fifty years since Mr. Furniss first crossed the Irish Channel to push his fortune in London, and in the lapse of half a century the outer world of London has changed almost beyond recognition. The best part of Mr. Furniss's book lies, we think, in the pages which preserve some of the vanished pictures that presented themselves to what Loudon Dodd might have called "the amateur Londoner." The best of all his sketches, either in words or in line, is perhaps that of "the King of the Cabmen." This gentleman—of whom there is a delightfully Dickensian drawing—drove his hansom only in the West End, and was usually paid in gold. The best of many stories about him told how he made a practical protest against a new police regulation, prohibiting cabmen from leaving their cabs unattended while they went into a public-house for refreshment:

Then did the King pull up at a rank in Pall Mall, send for his lunch to a neighbouring restaurant, and receive it neatly laid upon a tray. Spreading a cloth over the top of his hansom, he opened a pint bottle of champagne and had his lunch before an admiring and enthusiastic street crowd; which incident ended the regulation.

Mr. Furniss gives an interesting account of "Lewis Carroll" and his system of art criticism when the illustrations for 'Sylvie and Bruno' were in progress:

He subjected every illustration, when finished, to a minute examination under a magnifying glass. His practice was to take a square inch of the drawing, count the lines I had made in that space, and compare their number with those on a square inch of illustration made for 'Alice' by Tenniel!

Mr. Furniss had been warned by Tenniel that he would not be able to "stick it," but he did—for seven years. Another story of art criticism relates to Ruskin, who used to select one square inch from a certain picture of Turner's in the National Gallery for his peripatetic lectures, pointing out that only a supreme master of brush work could have got such a wonderful combination of colour into it. Turner heard of this, and went to the Gallery to look at the "one square inch." "Ah! I remember how that happened," he remarked to a friend: "my brushes fell out of my hand on to the canvas and that is the smudge they made." The story is probably more valuable as a record of the way in which Mr. Furniss regards the art critic than as a serious contribution to the biography of Ruskin. The book is adorned by reproductions of many of the author's characteristic drawings of famous men, among the best of which is the admirable sketch of 'Mr. Gladstone Listening,' with a whole volume of Parliamentary history in the expression.

AN AUGUSTAN ANTHOLOGY

Rogues in Porcelain. Compiled and Decorated by John Austen. Chapman and Hall. 15s. net.

DECADES ago, when we were young, conversation was hardly deemed pretty unless it introduced a dexterous reference to Tottel's Miscellany and faded out upon a gentle hesperal note from Campion or Herbert. Supervened a more tortuous fashion. We lashed ourselves with the complex woes of Donne and threaded the metaphysic mazes of the seventeenth century. The 1890's had their day, and there even was an attempt at an exhumation of the Edwardian period, impelled as we were to it by the spectacle of Mr. Alfred Noyes in an epic mood.

Now to be modish, our passion—not too violently expressed—must expend itself upon the eighteenth century. Its rivals are deemed, not without justice, just the faintest bit vulgar. The tone of the Romantics was crude. Really Shelley was rather impossible. All that enthusiasm for cataracts and precipices . . . when the poets collected so tastefully by Mr. John Austen in the latest Augustan anthology trimmed such dainty little garden-plots and were so very well-behaved. All the more excellently behaved if there was a sort of polite confusion in the proprietorship of wives and husbands, and a pleasant iambic mockery of the loyalties and decencies generally.

The task could hardly have been executed more directly in the spirit of his own little poets than Mr. John Austen has executed it. He has, moreover, provided his own illustrations—coloured, too. It would be ungallant to trace his origins, as if he were a pedigree illustrator. "Out of Aubrey Beardsley by Lovat Fraser" springs too promptly to the lips. Would you expect a devastating originality of vision to render the pomaded grace of Daphne or the discreet tale of Chloe's infidelities? But shall we say Mr. Austen does err a trifle over-readily towards the manner of the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, which threatens to become a little too insistent a mannerism both behind our footlights and between our book-covers?

It would not be difficult to impute to Mr. Austen the traditional sin of omission in the compilation of this anthology, but by no means so easy to reproach him for sins of commission. For indeed a very high level of technical competence was attained by the verse-writers of this century, as ladies and gentlemen of similar tastes in our own find themselves baffled by no abstruseness in the mechanism either of ball-room dancing or the motor-car. It was Mr. Austen's amiable task to choose from his material those poems which would best lend themselves to his own dainty faculty with pictures and tail-pieces. He has performed his task in the spirit with which his poets performed theirs. We are grateful to them all.

AN ADVENTUROUS LIFE

Everywhere. By A. Henry Savage-Landor. Fisher Unwin. 30s. net.

LIKE his illustrious grandfather, Mr. Henry Savage-Landor has warmed both hands before the fire of life. He has had a most adventurous career in many lands, already recorded in something like a score of volumes since he published his first book, 'Alone with the Hairy Ainu,' in 1893. Though he began life as a student of art, and might have become a painter if he could have been content to stay at home, the wanderlust was the dominating influence in his character. He was by no means such a traveller as the one described by Walter Savage-Landor who

By adverse fate assail'd,
Trampled by tyranny or scofft by scorn,
Stung by remorse or wrung by poverty,
Bade with fond sigh his native land farewell.

He inherited his grandfather's "love for wandering afield," and when he saw himself, at the age of twenty-one, in possession of a clear fifty pounds, he made up his mind to begin seeing the world—being already fairly familiar with the western half of Europe and all its languages. The passion for exploration, which was born in him, found outward expression when he received one of Sir Samuel Baker's fascinating records of travel as a school-prize, and realized his longing to "go and see new countries and meet savages and wild beasts." The autobiography which he has now published—rambling and discursive, but always entertaining—shows that he is not beyond the mark in saying that his life was destined to contain adventure enough to fill the lives of twenty men.

Mr. Landor's most exciting experiences were in Tibet, into which mysterious country he succeeded in penetrating without arms or escort in 1897, against the wishes alike of the Indian and the Tibetan Government. Tibet was then essentially "the Forbidden Land," and Mr. Landor's experiences were rather akin to those of the heroes of sensational fiction than to those of official explorers. Some doubt was actually thrown at the time on the strict veracity of his amazing escape from the hands of the Tibetans, who were as near cutting off his head as any one could well be without doing it, but Mr. Landor disposes of these now forgotten cavils as "unfair criticism from recognized idiots"—the taste for travelling was not the only quality that he inherited from his grandfather. There is no episode quite so romantic in the account of his later journeys in South America, Persia, the Philippines, China and Africa, but he has had a career which loses nothing in the telling, though he modestly disclaims any special literary merit beyond that of narrating a plain tale as it happened. Some of the most interesting pages in his book give a picture of famous men whom he has known, from Swinburne and Whistler to Sir James Dewar and General Cadorna.



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Life on the Iron Road. By Henry Chappell. The Bodley Head. 6s. net.

MR. CHAPPELL, who clearly has a thorough practical knowledge of railway working, has described its details for the general travelling public in this excellent little book. A series of short and clear chapters deal with the work of the railway company's servants, showing what each of them has to do in the course of his tour of duty and what may happen if he neglects to do it properly. Most travellers have wondered, for instance, what is the exact business of the man with the hammer who walks down the train as it stands in the station: Mr. Chappell's chapter on the "tapper" tells them just how important and skilled a job it is. So with driver and guard, signalman and packer, booking clerk and parcel man. We congratulate Mr. Chappell on the excellent way in which he has carried out Mr. Kipling's recommendation to "make the platform speak."

Old Spode. By T. G. Cannon. Laurie. 18s. net.

THE career of the first Josiah Spode is indeed a "romance of commerce." He began life in the pottery business at a weekly wage of 2s. 3d. or 2s. 6d., "if he deserved it"—which apparently he did. Before he died in 1797 the profits of his firm had risen to the sum—gigantic for those days—of £13,000 a year. Three years later his son and successor, the second Josiah, brought about a revolution in the manufacture of porcelain by the introduction of bone-ash into the clay, and so laid the foundation of the distinctly English china industry. But the Spodes were artists as well as business men, and the main feature of Mr. Cannon's book is a series of fifty-six plates—besides a coloured frontispiece—depicting a characteristic selection from the beautiful wares which they made. A successful collector himself, Mr. Cannon will set many readers on the search for the numerous pieces of good Spode which are still lurking in unconsidered corners, and his account of the various marks and prices of good specimens will help them not to be deceived.

London Alleys, Byways and Courts. By Alan Stapleton. The Bodley Head. 15s. net.

NOW that the housebreaker is so much abroad in London, all lovers of the past should be grateful to Mr. Stapleton for his charming pencil drawings, of which some sixty or seventy are excellently reproduced in this volume. He has preserved the outward form of many old buildings and quaint corners which have already passed away or are doomed to speedy disappearance. The letterpress which accompanies them is gossip and entertaining. But why does he accuse David Copperfield of being in love with Betsy Trotwood? How shocked that poor innocent lamb would have been.

Our Modern Youth. By Desmond Coke. With illustrations by H. M. Bateman. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS is described on the title-page as "an exuberance," and seems to be meant as a skit on some modern methods of education. It describes the effort of a well-meaning prig to found a school on Soviet lines, but to our taste the humour is rather laboured and the boys are not in Mr. Coke's happiest vein of invention.

The illustrations, in Mr. H. M. Bateman's well-known manner, are grotesque without being particularly funny.

Eastward. By Louis Couperus. Hurst and Blackett. 18s. net.

THE late Louis Couperus, who is known to most readers as one of the most remarkable novelists of the passing generation, spent the last years of his life in a visit to the Dutch Indies, where much of his childhood had been spent. He undertook to communicate his impressions of Sumatra, Java and the neighbouring islands to the readers of the *Haagsche Post*—partly by way of paying for the trip and partly because he thought that every Dutchman "would do well to cultivate a more intense interest in the so often Unknown Land over there." These letters have now been ably translated by Mr. J. Menzies-Wilson and Mr. C. C. Crispin, and should be read with great interest by English people to whom these great and glowing islands are little more than a name. The author's keen eye for the picturesque and his singular facility for putting his impressions into memorable words are conspicuous on every page, whether he writes about a trivial thing like the "rice-table" or a world's wonder like the famous temple of Boro-Budur.

The Wessex Novels of Thomas Hardy. By Randall Williams. Dent. 6s. net.

THIS is a conscientious and painstaking but not very illuminating essay. The author modestly describes it as "less of the nature of a criticism than an incomplete record of personal enjoyment." He evidently knows his Hardy well, and has no lack of a somewhat heavy-handed enthusiasm. But he should not talk of "Georges Sand," and he might usefully have been more sparing of polysyllabic phrases like "forceful ratiocination" or "inextricable circumstances."

The Great Plague of London in 1665. By Walter George Bell. The Bodley Head. 25s. net.

MR. BELL has produced a well documented history which should be a standard work. He shows that visitations of plague were no novelty in London, and points to modern conclusions that contemporary doctors could not reach. Dogs and cats were destroyed in fear of infection, but the real culprits were probably rats. No first-rate account of the Plague with its stories of horror and heroism has been preserved. The King and his Court sported in the country, while London was in the grip of a long drought and sudden death. Some doctors braved the terror, and many Nonconformist preachers. Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, knighted for his services, has been muddled by the printer, like two titles of classical origin in books. These, however, are trifles in a work of admirable research, a fitting addition to the author's account of the Great Fire.

The *English Review* gives 'A Plea for Tsarism' by Prof. Sarolea showing that every evil quoted against the autocracy is far outrun by the present rulers of Russia. Lord Teignmouth gives an account of the old Poor Law under the misleading title of 'The "Dole" System a Century Ago.' Sir Herbert Russell describes 'The Nelson Touch.' 'Periscope' deals with the seditious papers of Ireland; Lady Rodd describes 'Cairo Thirty Years Ago'; Dr. L. Hill shows how the "Common Cold" could be abolished.

The *Dublin Magazine* has some freshly written editorial matter, foreign correspondence, and good verse. Mr. W. T. Lawrence describes 'Peg Woffington's Last Appearance,' and there are two or three short stories of more than average merit. The illustrations are a special feature of this magazine.

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BY GERALD GOULD

The White Monkey. By John Galsworthy. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

The Dawn's Delay. By Hugh Kingsmill. Elkin Matthews. 6s. net.

Seducers in Ecuador. By V. Sackville-West. The Hogarth Press. 4s. 6d. net.

THE Limerick, as a form of art, has what logicians call connotation. Mr. Galsworthy has caught the note, which is entirely what one would not have expected of him:

An angry young husband called Bicket
Said: "Turn yourself round and I'll kick it;
You have painted my wife
In the nude to the life,
Do you think, Mr. Greene, it was cricket?"

The situation is serious, is tragic: but not to Mr. Greene. Mr. Bicket has lost his work (a conventional Galsworthy situation) for stealing books—Mr. Galsworthy, full of that Irish gaiety which we associate with Limerick, insists on calling it "snooping"—from the publisher who employs him as a packer; and he stole them for the sake of his wife, who had pneumonia; and, having lost his work, he has taken to selling balloons in the street; and he wants to go to Australia, of which continent his creator apparently thinks as the creator of Mr. Micawber thought of it; and his wife has posed in the altogether in order to get sufficient money for him to abandon his balloons and try his *ballon d'essai*; he is on the verge of finding out the fact, and suspecting the worst; and Aubrey Greene, the artist who has introduced the "altogether" motif, provides the above poem to meet the situation. It raises the old question of realism. As an impromptu, 'twould serve: whether it was worth printing, even as a sidelight on the mentality of Aubrey Greene, is another question; and if, on the whole, one is bound to answer the question in the affirmative, the reason is that Mr. Galsworthy is above the suspicion of having composed the Limerick first and given his character the name of Bicket to suit. A friend of mine, at a dance, was shown a strikingly-decorated female figure, and summoned to admiration by the words: "She looks like the Dark Lady of the Sonnets."—"More," replied my friend, "like the Dark Lady of the Limericks." The connotation was caught there, as Mr. Galsworthy catches it. He returns to it, not in jewels five-lines long, but in every sort of nod and beck and wreathed smile, throughout this volume. The young fellows are not going to have it all their own way. Mr. Aldous Huxley must look to his pneumatic trousers. The old-established reputations expand to include as much slang and gaiety and naughtiness as you please. 'The White Monkey' is far the most amusing and the most daring, and in some ways the most successful, of all the books Mr. Galsworthy has written.

It shows his limitations, but it overrides them. The real hero of it is Soames Forsyte. But the ostensibly central figures are Fleur, Soames's daughter, and her husband, Michael Mont; and they are not happy together because Fleur does not really love Michael. She plays with fire—that is, with Wilfrid the poet. In the treatment of Michael's and Wilfrid's feeling for Fleur we discern the first and most awkward limitation. "Why should one catch this fatal disease called love? Why should one be driven half crazy by it?" Mr. Galsworthy almost always writes about love as if it were a disease and a craziness—the two things which obviously it can never by any possibility be. The second limitation is apparent in the whole Bicket episode, which is introduced, by a familiar formula, to run parallel to the Fleur-Michael plot. As far as I know, Mr. Galsworthy has only once—in one brief

scene of 'The Silver Box'—written about any poor person anything which sounded as if he had ever seen a poor person in his life. His sympathy for the poor is passionate and noble, but, as expressed in his art, it is entirely abstract: he writes about them as might some large-hearted and broad-minded visitor from Mars. But the third limitation is the main plot itself. Michael is made to become perfectly happy, Fleur to become perfectly amenable, by the arrival of a son and heir. No doubt there is a Galsworthian irony in the background; we are not expected to accept this false and sugary conclusion as anything but an illusion of two foolish young people. Only—the young people have not been drawn as foolish as that.

Nevertheless, within these limitations, the book may fairly be called a masterpiece. A fine creative gusto gives life and energy to the whole. Mr. Galsworthy's great, his supreme, merit is as a story-teller. He makes you want to read on. Moreover, the note of gaiety is quite unforced. Surely it is a remarkable thing for an author with such a record of considerable work behind him to produce something fresher, more vital and spontaneous, than he has ever produced before. 'The White Monkey' is full of promise.

So, I think, are 'The Dawn's Delay' and 'Seducers in Ecuador.' But in them the modernity is a hampering convention, not just, as in Mr. Galsworthy, an adjunct. Mr. Kingsmill is extraordinarily witty; he is full of ideas, and can express them epigrammatically; it is a definite pity that one should be reminded by his method of Mr. Huxley and of Mr. Belloc, for he has, besides the gift of parody, a strong originality. His book consists of three satiric stories, one dealing with the remarkable behaviour of an Oxford don who is under the erroneous impression that the world is about to end; one, with the indiscreet veracity of a politician, and one with the ironic future, and a gentleman who believes himself—not altogether without warrant—to be a genius. Perhaps the least endearing character is Major Waldon, who "almost deserved not to lose his wife." But everybody is described with a relish which is none the less amusing for being frequently bitter. With a little less of reminiscence, a little more of individuality, in its manner, this book would certainly be the most brilliant thing of its kind since Mr. Norman Douglas's 'South Wind': even as it is, it has at most two or three rivals.

Miss Sackville-West can, and does, write. She has a description of a storm which is vivid and memorable. But her work is so conventional that it is impossible to be sure whether she really has a gift for narrative or not. That her convention is the very latest does not help. Indeed, if one *must* have a convention, it is obviously better to have one of simplicity than one of absurdity. Her plot is grotesque. It is meant to be. But that again does not help. For grotesqueness, like any other vein, must be sustained. You may make any presuppositions you please; but it is an inexorable law of art (it is in fact the only law of art) that, granted those presuppositions, the work based upon them shall have unity. It need not be credible, but it must be convincing. And the new convention is to say everything so indirectly, with such appearance of amusement and subtlety, that no incident seems co-ordinated with any other. This transvaluation is all wrong. There is no harm in saying a thing indirectly, if that is your natural way of saying it. It was Meredith's way; but then what Meredith had to say was itself true. He did not attempt to make the untrue into the true by mere indirectness of expression: he would have known the task impossible. Miss Sackville-West is obviously and brilliantly clever, and her little story is easy and pleasant to read for its incidental effects. That is why I call it promising. As a *story*, it is a conclusion rather than a promise—the end of a convention which, though so new, is already dead, since it consists in striving after originality instead of saying what you mean. Saying what you mean is, after all, the only kind of originality there is.

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A COLLECTOR'S NOTEBOOK

DISCUSSING in the SATURDAY REVIEW about a year ago the drastic reductions in the number of existing works by Rembrandt, suggested by Prof. J. Van Dyke, I made the point that so far from there being too many genuine Rembrandts in existence, their number might well in time be considerably increased. A recent and interesting addition to the series of indubitable works by the great Dutch master is the picture which will figure at the sale, on November 21, with which Messrs. Christie are re-starting their dispersals of paintings by the Old Masters. Although apparently up to now entirely unknown and unrecorded, the picture is fully signed and dated (1635), and its human interest is considerably heightened by the fact that it is a portrait of the artist's first wife, Sashia van Uylenburgh, whom he had married only the year before. Rembrandt, the indefatigable self-portrayer, painted the portrait of Sashia also quite a number of times—once (in a picture in the Berlin Museum) even a year after her death: and on several occasions he chose for her a more or less fanciful get-up. The present picture offers a case in point: for Sashia is here shown in the character of Deborah, crowned with laurels and seated at a table, her left hand resting on a large folio which she has been reading. Belonging as it does to a comparatively early stage of Rembrandt's career, the picture is marked by a very forceful contrast of light and shade: indeed the illumination of the sitter's face and figure, amid the surrounding gloom, has something suggestive of the limelight in its sudden intensity and through the fantastic elongation of the shadows. In this respect, as well as in its general *mise-en-scène*, the picture shows a close affinity to the 'Sophonisba' now in the Gallery at Madrid, painted by Rembrandt the year before. Interpretation of character has not been an interest much to the fore in the artist's mind on the present occasion: but the strength and solidity of drawing is very remarkable all through, but especially so in passages like the foreshortened hands. The English pedigree of the picture reaches remarkably far back, for it descended to its late owner (the Hon. Mrs. Louise Harriet Somerville or Henry) from her ancestor James, 13th Lord Somerville (born 1698).

* * *

Among forthcoming picture sales, one which is sure to attract considerable attention is that announced to take place at Sotheby's on December 3. This dispersal will appeal especially to collectors of Dutch and Flemish pictures, including as it does a number of interiors, portraits, landscapes and seascapes by well-known artists, drawn in part from the fine collection of Lord Penrhyn. A portrait of an unknown man by Rubens is once again a striking demonstration of the power which a wholly "autograph" work by the master inevitably possesses; and a great Hendecouter 'Poultry Yard' is a splendid vindication of the gifts of this artist, whose name is so frequently claimed for examples which have nothing to do with him.

* * *

An autograph sale of more than ordinary interest is the one announced for December 1—4, at Sotheby's. This comprises a portion—the first—of the collection of autograph letters and historical documents, illustrating the history of the French Revolution and Napoleon I, formed by the late Earl of Crawford. The 578 lots to be sold cover the period to the end of the Convention (November, 1795); among them there are many which illustrate in a peculiarly vivid fashion the tragic and lurid aspects of the French Revolution. The carefully compiled catalogue is likely to remain a volume of permanent interest to students of this dramatic and agitated period of modern history.

T. B.

THE MAGAZINES

The *Fortnightly* for November opens with a very good forecast of 'The Dissolution and the Future' by Dr. Permewan and an appeal to the Liberals to join against Labour. Mr. F. W. Bell gives a new aspect to the personality of 'General Hertzog,' one we should be glad to think just. Mr. R. Crozier Long gives us in 'The Coming German Competition' another of his valuable accounts of the economic position. Mr. Lawton on 'The Results of Leninism' is a little vague as to facts. Mrs. Fenwick Miller describes the struggles of 'Pioneer Medical Women.' Mr. W. L. George contributes the "literary" matter of the number in an article on 'Anatole France,' hardly up to the standard to which the *Review* has accustomed us, and a further instalment of 'The Story of Woman.' His list of the eminent men of the Nineteenth Century is an interesting piece of self-revelation.

The *National Review* had to compile its 'Episodes of the Month' before the Election and did not anticipate (who did?) so great a triumph. Mr. MacDonald is soundly trounced, and even his work in the Foreign Office minimized, though credit is given him for Egypt. Mr. Kitson shows how the German financial schemes will work against us. There are some first-rate general papers. Lord Esher defends 'Those Poor Victorians' against the charges brought against them by our young men in a hurry; Mr. Ian Colvin gives us some excellent criticism of the difficulties that beset a translator of Chinese Poetry in 'The Unfading Garden'; Miss Carroll writes understandingly of 'The Maxims of La Rochefoucauld'; there are some good ghost stories by Miss Singleton—warranted true—and an account of sea birds in 'The Shore' by Mr. T. A. Coward. Altogether a first-class number.

Blackwood is, almost by a law of its being, full of good things. 'A Scalawag Command' tells of war adventures in Persia; 'John Jago: His Mark' of a Cornish peasant; 'The Pigeon' of carriers, their use or usefulness; 'Full Dominion Status' of the adventures of an Outcaste in India and S. Africa. Our old friends, the Gordons, give us more of their 'Vignettes of Languedoc'; 'Musings without Method' are first rate on Anatole France, bitter on Mr. MacDonald, and just on 'Ben Kendim.'

The *Adelphi* gives us the first-fruits of Mr. Murry's study of Keats, whom he places on the lofty eminence of Shakespeare. Mr. Tomlinson muses on the way in which experiences of the past colour a locality insensibly. Mr. Hyde explains the merits of Miss Dorothy Richardson. Mr. D. H. Lawrence in 'Indians and Entertainment' gives us more of his thoughts on the fundamental difference between the North American Indian and his white supplanter. Mr. Henry King is rightly indignant at the way in which one of our best actresses is left in poverty while another spends hundreds on a dress; Mr. Ingleby in 'Reviewing: A Problem' raises an old question as to the way of treating books which have no claim on serious attention.

The *Transatlantic* prints 'Twelve Poems' by Mr. R. C. Dunning, 'Some Impressions and Comments' by Havelock Ellis, not very striking; the completion of 'Stocktaking' by Daniel Chaucer, which has been full of live criticism; another part of 'Some Do Not' and 'Joseph Conrad: A Portrait,' by Ford Madox Ford. Nearing the completion of its first year it has established itself as a lively and independent organ of contemporary literature.

Cornhill begins a new story by Stanley Weyman and comes out in a new cover. Lamb enthusiasts will be interested in the discovery Mr. Walter Jerrold believes he has made. Mr. A. C. Benson writes on the difficulties of translating the *Anthology* and of translating generally, and the Dean of Winchester gives us some memories of Shakespearean Comedy in the last fifty years. He emphasizes the fact that they must have been written by an actor. Two good short stories and a defence of the predatory birds of the country-side help to make up a very good number.

The *Empire* allows Lord Wodehouse to tell 'The Truth about English Polo' as he sees it, which is that those at the head of affairs are too old. Mr. Sherlock throws some amusing light on 'Custom and Superstition in Jamaica'; and Lord Birkenhead writes sympathetically on 'Sir Edward Coke.' Other papers deal with 'The Boxer Indemnity,' Guinea, 'An Imperial Power Policy,' and, of course, the Election.

The *World To-day* publishes an attack on 'The Patent Medicine Scandal' by Sir Thomas Horder and some suggestions for Restoring Rural England' by Lord Denbigh. Mr. L. Lawton describes life in Moscow, Mr. Loder life in Peking, and Mr. P. W. Wilson the changes in modern Egypt.

The *London Mercury* comes rather late to do full justice to a number full of outstanding pieces. Two poems by Mr. Thomas Hardy, one by Mr. Gordon Bottomley, and one by Mr. Robert Bridges are alone sufficient to give distinction to any periodical, and when we have Maurice Hewlett's diary of travel through Italy to Greece, sound literary criticism of Herman Melville and Sir Rider Haggard and a good piece of imaginative work by Mr. Arthur W. Wheen in addition, we can ask no more. The *Chronicles* are a Letter from Edinburgh, Architecture, Music, Fiction, Biography, the Drama, History, and Theology.



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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

STOCK EXCHANGE history teaches us that the future is generally anticipated and discounted, and it is necessary to pause in the present riot of indiscriminate buying of Stocks and Shares to consider whether the benefits that we all hope and believe will accrue to the trade of the country under a stable administration are not being anticipated a little too quickly. The position deserves analysing. First of all we have the Gilt-Edged Market. I look for dearer money in the future, I am tempted to write in the "near" future, because if trade is to expand money will be required. Money is at the moment cheaper than the position warrants. An exception to my view that Gilt-Edged Stocks are high enough may be provided by Indian Securities. These have been unduly depressed during the last twelve months by causes not unconnected with the doctrines of a Labour Government. The policy of a Conservative administration should undo the harm already done in this direction and may lead to higher prices for India 3%, India 3½% and India 4½%.

FOREIGN LOANS

When investors who are buying so eagerly just now pause to look into yields, I feel that they will experience some difficulty in finding industrials which will bring their incomes up to the desired level and I suggest the tendency will be to buy Foreign Loans. I consider the pick of these to be the New German 7% and the Hungarian 7½%, both of which should go decidedly better. Austrian 6% are also worth holding.

THE INDUSTRIAL MARKET

Here as I write boom-like conditions exist. Investors and speculators alike are scattering caution to the winds and are impartially favouring every class of Home industrial concerns. I am reminded of a couplet that runs:

Why should we strive with cynic frown
To knock their fairy castles down?

so I will deal only with those shares that I consider can still be bought, and pass over such shares as are in my opinion advancing too rapidly. After all, a wave of optimism is flooding the country; it is delightful journeying on its crest. But the wave must break one day, and the back-wash should be remembered.

INDUSTRIALS TO BUY

To the above list I would add:

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Fine Spinners	...	@	57s.
Nelson Bros. Ordinary	...	@	52s. 6d.
English and Dutch Meat Co. Ordinary	...	@	20s. 6d.
Siemens Ordinary	...	@	23s.
Dunlop Ordinary	...	@	11s.

Paton & Baldwin's I select as a thoroughly sound Wool and Textile Company and its trade is already improving. J. & P. Coats have paid 17½% in each of the last three years. I do not look for an increase for the year ending June, 1924, but I do for next year. Fine Spinners I am optimistic about and look for increasing dividends.

I include Nelson's Ordinary because I think there may be a bonus here. Siemens are doing well and I understand the company has valuable contracts in connexion with the Automatic Telephone System. Dunlop's are more speculative maybe, but I consider promising. English and Dutch Meat I especially recommend, and as little is known of the company I append some particulars.

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	£
Gross Trading Profit	286,973
Net Profit	150,443
Depreciation allowance	48,809
Preliminary expenses written down	20,777
Goodwill written off	11,100
Dividend on Ordinary shares	8%
Carried forward	81,206

I hear well of the prospects and management of the Company and recommend these shares, which can be bought at 20s. 6d. and still carry the 8% dividend for year ending June 30, 1924. The Company has intimated that it will not pay more than 15% per annum on the shares up to December 31, 1928, so as to conserve its assets for the benefit of the Debenture holders.

TOBACCO SHARES

On September 13 in these notes I recommended four industrial shares. The following table shows how they have favoured:

	Then.	Now.
British American Tobacco	109s.	114s.
Imperial Tobacco	78s. 6d.	85s. 6d.
Bleachers	55s.	64s. 6d.
Swedish Matches	£9	9½

Now as regards the Tobacco shares, I have in the past dealt with them in detail. I foreshadowed a bonus issue and an increased dividend for Imps, and I repeat the prophecy; under these circumstances I cannot advise my readers to sell, although handsome profits are available. As regards B.A.T.'s I am emphatically of opinion that these should still be bought. Bleachers should go better, as a considerable increase is anticipated in the quantity of cloth to be bleached in the next six months, which should result in larger profits. Capitalization of part of the reserves is a possibility of the future. My opinion of Swedish Matches remains unchanged.

MINES

The space at my disposal only allows for a brief reference to Mines. I select:

Union Corporation	@	43s. 9d.
City Deep	@	3 ¹⁷ / ₃₂
Crown Mines	@	2 ³¹ / ₃₂
San Francisco Mines	@	24s.
Anglo-Continental Tin Mines	@	16s.
South Crofty	@	10s.

all of which are good dividend payers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

TOWER.—I choose German 7% and Hungarian 7½%.

"OTHER."—The dollar touched 4.56 in August and 4.21 in January; these are the highest and lowest prices this year.

A. S. L.—Bundesschuldverschreibungen Austrian Sterling 5% are now quoted at about 63.

"BRUM."—I recommend English and Dutch Meat Co. Ordinary. See above.

PARK.—(1) Hold your Kaffirs; (2) I am doubtful if the rise in Iron and Steel shares is justified; (3) I would select San Francisco Mines, they should yield 12½% at the present price; (4) I favour rubbers for a six months' lock-up.

TAURUS

ACROSTICS

PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set.

RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name is on the list printed on this page from time to time.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 140.

(Last of the Quarter.)

TWO FAMOUS FORMS, BY A GENIUS WRITTEN
WHO DWELT AT TWIT'NAM (NORTHWARD FROM THAMES
DITTON).

1. Old I can not be if I am not small.
2. With patriarch inside he scarce can crawl.
3. Like Fool and Woman, somewhat hard to hit.
4. Of some great planet was I once a bit?
5. A boat we find on China's water-ways.
6. It gilds those clouds that beautify our days.
7. Curtail a town where invalids seek health.
8. Next halve what many deem a source of wealth.
9. Oft as the trump sounds, thus the war-horse cries.
10. His household's wants he sparingly supplies.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 138.

ARCHITECT, PAINTER, OF ENDURING FAME;

"IN COMMON, WHAT?" TWELVE LETTERS IN THEIR NAME?

1. A sport for dwellers by the river-side.
2. This monstrous bloom Sumatran jungles hide.
3. The tree (a *Rhus*) that varnish yields, or lacquer.
4. With sword he proved himself a doughty hacker.
5. Such was the wife of whom bold Jason boasted.
6. Emblem of innocence; we eat him roasted.
7. This game, for high stakes played, has cost men dear.
8. All honour to the gallant pioneer!
9. Here grow the works that bring the artist fame.
10. In France a castle passes by this name.
11. Bacon and ham he yields us, bristles, lard.
12. Some dozens you will find in every yard.

Solution to Acrostic No. 138.

B	oatin	G	
R	affles	A ¹	
U	rush	I ²	
N	orma	N	
E	nchantres	S ³	
L	am	B	
L	o	O	
E	xplore	R	
S	tudi	O	
C	hâtea	U	
H	o	G	
I	nc	H	

- ¹ The flower measures three feet in diameter.
- ² The Japanese name of *Rhus vernix* or *vernicifera*.
- ³ Medea.

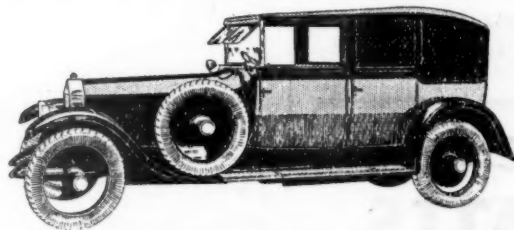
ACROSTIC No. 138.—The winner is Mrs. Arton, Sleningsford Park, Ripon, who has chosen as her prize 'London Inns and Taverns,' by Leopold Wagner, published by Allen and Unwin, and reviewed in our columns on October 25 under the heading of 'Old London Inns.' Forty other solvers chose this book, 28 named 'The Grub Street Nights Entertainments,' 11 'Schooling,' etc. The attention of Dodeka, Gil, Murex and others is called to the fact that the books they chose are published by firms not in our List. In this way prizes are lost.

Correct solutions were also received from A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, J. Lennie, Beechworth, P. V. Thomas, Dodeka, Mrs. J. Butler, T. E. Thomas, Carrie, Gil, Madge, Baitho, B. Alder, Vixen, C. J. Warden, C. A. S., Tyro, Iago, Met, F. I. Morcom, Sisyphus, Old Mancunian, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Hanworth, Boskerris, J. Chambers, Quis, Rev. E. P. Gatty, Lumley, and Jokertoo.

OUR NINTH QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—After the 11th round the leaders are: Old Mancunian, Baitho, Carlton, St. Ives, Sisyphus, L. M. Maxwell, N. O. Sellam, F. I. Morcom, Gay, and Gunton.

Other results unavoidably held over.

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